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THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate fair, followed by threatening weather; warmer.

WAIT FOR THE COUNT.

The probabilities favor McKinley, but at latest accounts there is at least a possibility of Bryan's election.

Wait for the count. Only that can determine which States have gone for McKinley and which for Bryan. There must be fair play. The American people will insist on that.

MR. CLEVELAND'S VICTORY.

For the second time Mr. Cleveland will retire from the Presidency with a Republican successor. As a builder of the Democratic party, Mr. Cleveland is not a shining success.

RETURN TO COMMON SENSE.

Generous allowance is to be made for the excesses of partisanship in a hot Presidential campaign. Excitement and the absorbing desire to win lead writers and speakers into statements that respect for their own intelligence and that of others would restrain them from making in cold blood. When the election is over it is time for men of ordinary sense to drop the electioneering tone and hope that the epithets, exaggerations and misrepresentations of the season of strife will not be remembered against them.

The Republicans may have won and the Democrats may have lost. The voice of the majority is apparently for the gold standard and against the remonetization of silver at the ratio of 16 to [illegible] What en[illegible]

[illegible] repudiators whose [illegible] honor their coun[illegible]e is served by in[illegible]se who see the dangers [illegible]at by injunction are advo[illegible]ee riot? There now being [illegible]o be made by affecting hor[illegible]ny criticism of the Supreme [illegible] why should any one pretend to [illegible] that the entertaining of an ad[illegible] opinion as to the wisdom of the [illegible]me tax decision is a wicked and in[illegible]ensible assault upon that tribunal?

These Republican contentions have [illegible]erved their turn, and it would be well [illegible]or the tranquillity of the country were the successful party at once to recognize the fact and cease affronting the sanity which so speedily ensues all round after the closing of the polls. To say that belief in bimetallism is belief in repudiation of debts, public and private; that aversion to government by injunction is love of lawlessness, and that a disposition to look upon the Supreme Court as a human institution is sin, is equivalent to the charge that close upon half of the people of the United States are repudiators, "Anarchists" and foes to just judicial authority. What man is there, who has not been deprived altogether of his wits by the campaign, that will credit so monstrous a description of the majority of his fellow-citizens who dwell and make their living in the American States of Alabama, Arkansas, California Colorado, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Louisiana, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, North Carolina, South Carolina South Dakota, Tennessee,, Texas, Utah, Virginia, Washington and Wyoming? The people of these States are Americans precisely as the people of the States that have given Major McKinley their electoral votes are Americans, and it is preposterous to continue to assert that they are not as honest and patriotic as the inhabitants of the rest of the Union. If what the Republican press—which still has the momentum of the campaign upon it—were true, what possible hope would there be for the Republic?

Return to common sense, gentlemen of the victorious side. The campaign is over.

Mr. Bryan's last day in the campaign marked a memorable event in the history of civil service reform as it is practised and encouraged by the Cleveland Administration. Under the management of the Postmaster of Omaha, the Naval Officer at San Francisco, who has been in the campaign since its beginning, followed the Democratic Presidential nominee about the State of Nebraska and denounced him as an Anarchist.

The indications are that it will be perfectly safe for Senator Hill to come out of hiding and make a few remarks.

MR. BRYAN'S DEFEAT—AND TRIUMPH.

It is proper that in this moment of apparent defeat for the Democracy those who have joined with that party in pressing certain issues should consider whether the adverse verdict of the people is conclusive.

On the face of the returns, at this writing, Mr. Bryan has carried twenty-three States, with 187 electoral votes. Major McKinley seems to have won in twenty-one States, which give 257 electoral votes. There is reason to doubt the accuracy of the returns in some of the McKinley States, but little reason to believe that the apparent result will be changed. In all probability Mr. McKinley has been elected.

As a result of this victory, the republican newspapers, and those worse than Republican newspapers which supported the Palmer and Buckner ticket, have already set up the cry that the Democratic party is demolished, that its declaration for free silver and for the liberties of the individual has wrecked it. Those recreant Democrats who followed the two cheap soldiers of fortune, Palmer and Buckner, are talking about "reorganizing" the party in accordance with their views and for their own profit. Their argument is easy. Democracy is defeated this year, they say, therefore Democracy must adopt a new creed; must adopt, in short, the creed of the party which won.

Now the fact is that the results of this election should encourage, not depress, the man who believes in the doctrines set forth in the Chicago platform. Our defeat has the qualities of a victory.

Let us consider the facts dispassionately. Let us analyze causes and results without partisanship. Major McKinley seems to be elected, and nothing said or written now will interfere with his accession to what Grover Cleveland has made a throne.

Accept the returns of last night as correct—though there is grave doubt of their correctness. Mr. Bryan gets 187 electoral votes against McKinley's 257. But in 1892 Cleveland got 277 electoral votes to Harrison's 145. Cleveland beat Harrison by 132 electoral votes, but nobody thought the Republican party was dead—and, unhappily, it seems very much alive to-day. McKinley may have beaten Bryan by 70 electoral votes—though probably the figure will be reduced. Does that mean the death of the "New Democracy?" Is it a "landslide?" Is it the end of the effort in behalf of the common people, for which Bryan, above all others, stands?

Go back further. In 1888 Benjamin Harrison was elected President of the United States. In the Electoral College his majority was 65—or within one or two votes of Major McKinley's apparent majority this year. But in two years the people repudiated Harrison by electing a Congress hostile to him, and in four years they turned him and his party out of office.

Out of the record of the past the people may draw encouragement for the present. Mr. Bryan's defeat is not defeat for his principles, perhaps not even permanent defeat for himself. He and his party accepted a situation in June last which seemed absolutely to compel defeat. Democracy had been discredited, demoralized, assassinated by Grover Cleveland. To put a ticket in the field seemed ridiculous. But with a really Democratic platform, with frank and outspoken repudiation of Clevelandism, the party has made inroads on Republican strongholds and approached very near to victory.

Against Mr. Bryan this year every agency of capitalism and cupidity was arrayed. For his overthrow the most enormous campaign fund known to American politics was expended, while in his behalf pennies were available where his foes had dollars. Against him the sinister agencies of corruption, coercion and intimidation were cruelly employed. Yet, despite all, he has made a better showing at the polls than Harrison in 1892, and as good as Cleveland in 1888.

The Democratic party has every reason to be proud of the issue of this campaign, and every possible reason to adhere for the next four years to the principles which have made so creditable an outcome possible.

THE INDIAN ON THE GRIDIRON.

Indians have invaded the East, and the people have not been scalped, burned alive or tomahawked. Instead, the Red Men have deported themselves modestly, and have won warm words of praise for their gentlemanly bearing. The Carlisle students have not been very successful on the gridiron, but in Saturday's game with Harvard they held their doughty opponents down to one touchdown and a total score of 4, not a bad record for any eleven. What makes the game notable is not the result, but the criticism, or lack of it, that followed. Not an objectionable play was made on either side, although the battle was a terrific one, with the superb tackling of Dunlop for the Crimson and the wild onslaughts of Metoxen for the Reds.

Football might justly be expected to bring out all the latent savageness in the men who lined up for the Indian school. It is a game notorious among the descendants of the conquerors of the redskins for its brutality. Every Fall for many years there has been a strong demand for its abolition as a college sport for this reason. Yet the game Saturday proved that it can be played, and to the entire satisfaction of a crowd of 12,000 howling enthusiasts, without descending to barbarous methods of warfare, even when one of the teams might have the strongest argument in behalf of bloody work in the racial instincts that are so difficult to obliterate. The new rules are probably effective in doing away with much that is objectionable in the game. But the participants, especially the Carlisle boys, are also deserving of credit for their moderation. Football is a manly sport. Played "within bounds" it is a likable and altogether healthy game, and it is to be hoped that the example set by the Harvard and Carlisle men will be followed by all the guards, tackles and backs in every eleven in the country, so that there may be no more occasion for well-founded adverse criticism of events that set the blood tingling healthfully.

Another aspect of the meeting of the two elevens on the Cambridge gridiron calls for passing notice. By romantic right the Red Men ought to have won. Was it the degeneracy of their race and the enervating influences of civilization that handicapped them, or was it simply the superior skill of their adversaries? Probably the latter. In physique the Indian youth are fine specimens of brawn and muscle. The deep-chested torsos and lithe limbs of their ancestors are theirs, and their play showed no lack of spirit. Civilization has taken nothing away from them except the trickiness of the aborigines. The bearing of these Carlisle boys shows them to be nobler than the "noble Red Men" who were their sires. They are young at the game of football. They have some things about it to learn. Curiously enough, dissemblin[illegible] is one of the most important of these. They allow their adversaries to know beforehand what play they are about to make. But that is a detail. When the Carlisle school has a football history its elevens will be the most feared of any in the country. What is important is that the team of 1896 has given no irrefragable proof of the ennobling power of education on the Indians. They stand as a counter argument to the oft repeated, "The only good Indian is a dead one," and take the feet out from under the people who want to see all efforts to reclaim the race abandoned. The testimony of the superintendent of the Carlisle school, that of the thousands who have graduated nearly all are doing well, some remarkably so, or only a few have returned to savage ways of life, is not needed, in view of the gentlemanly bearing of Carlisle's football eleven, to refute every argument that the Indian is not now worthy of considerate treatment.

It is the duty of every American citizen to keep cool and acquiesce in the decision of the majority. Leave the exhibitions of "anarchy" to those people who have been exhibiting their "patriotism" from the housetops.

Hon. William E. Chandler will find things rather chilly in the vicinity of the White House after the 4th of next March. His remarks on the "mortgaged" candidate will keep his name off the regular visiting list.

Uncle Russell Sage's patriotism will now take a rain check and go into retirement for four years.

And now comes a prolonged season of Cabinet making by people who don't make Cabinets.

For the balance of his term Mr. Cleveland will make war on the ducks and those Democrats who stuck to their party.

The returns are somewhat incomplete, but enough is known to warrant Tom Watson to return to his law library.

One of the consoling things in connection with the election result is the fact that the nation will be able to retain the citizenship of Mr. Lauterbach.

Mr. Platt will not be invited to a seat in the Cabinet, but he has a Legislature with a Gubernatorial attachment.

There really seem to be a great many Anarchists and repudiators in the country.

When the bitterness of the conflict has been assuaged, Mr. Bryan will be recognized as one of the great leaders of the American people.

There will be other elections, and sooner or later we will see, as Andrew Jackson said, whether men or money shall rule this nation.

It will be difficult for the gold standard, plutocratic press to announce a "landslide" in face of the fact that Bryan has carried more States and made a better showing than any defeated Democratic candidate in the nation's history.

THE LIST OF TO-NIGHT'S AMUSEMENTS.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC	Grand Opera	HERALD SQUARE THEATRE	The Mandarin
AMERICAN THEATRE	The Broken Melody	HARLEM OPERA HOUSE	Sins o' Acres
BIJOU	My Friend from India	HUBER'S 14TH ST. MUSEUM	Vaudeville
BROADWAY THEATRE	Brian Boru	KEITH'S	Continuous Performance
BROADWAY MUSIC HALL	The Geezer	KOSTER & BIAL'S	Vaudeville
COLUMBUS THEATRE	Minstrelsy	KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE	Hall a King
CASINO	Jack and the Beanstalk	LYCEUM	Sothern
DALY'S	The Geisha	MURRAY HILL THEATRE	Too Much Johnson
EMPIRE THEATRE	Rosemary	PEOPLE'S THEATRE	The Great Northwest
EDEN MUSEE	World in Wax	HARLEM OPERA HOUSE	Vaudeville
FIFTH AVE. THEATRE	Lost, Strayed or Stolen	PALMER'S THEATRE	Herrmann
GRAND OPERA HOUSE	Widow Jones	STAR THEATRE	Black Patti
GARRICK THEATRE	Secret Service	STANDARD THEATRE	Zero
GARDEN THEATRE	The Mummy	THIRD AVE. THEATRE	White Crook
HOYT'S THEATRE	A Florida Enchantment	TROCADERO	Countess De Sara
HAMMERSTEIN'S OLYMPIA	Santa Maria	14TH ST. THEATRE	The Cherry Pickers

"The Mandarin."

Reginald De Koven's musicianly hand is losing its cunning. He has written so much arid nonsense in the shape of musical criticism that his own muse, in sheer despair, has forsaken him. In his new opera "The Mandarin," now at the Herald Square Theatre, De Koven has managed to be even less striking than he was in "The Tzigane." He has given us plenty of affable, simmering melody, but nothing that will ever stamp itself on the lips of the whistling gamins. In a word, musically speaking, "The Mandarin" is pretty, harmless and trivial. The music is the sort of drip-drip-drip that the common or garden Viennese bandmaster indulges in. One irritating waltz finale, built upon the drinking song from "Cavalleria," made me wonder whether the comic opera composer has any right to inspect and analyze the works of other composers. The process of assimilation is an insidious one, and De Koven has indulged in it involuntarily of course.

However, "The Mandarin" does not depend very heavily upon its music. Harry B. Smith, who almost killed us with "The Caliph," but who apparently suffered no inconvenience from his own medicine, has been far more felicitious in his story of "The Mandarin." He has not quite eliminated Chicago's dulcet influence from his constitution, nor learned the deadliness of the booze and poker jokes invariably trotted out in comic opera. He has, however, selected an easy story and told it directly. That is a great deal to be thankful for. "The Mandarin" is not funny, when Mr. Smith is himself. When he audaciously and impudently encroaches upon the domain of W. S. Gilbert he is, however, very nearly humorous—as nearly as parasitical imitators ever get to the real thing, or ever deserve to get.

Smith is rather an amusing person and a philosopher, too, I imagine. I am sure that he must have shrieked in his sleeves with laughter when he wrote on his programme that he was indebted to Plautus for his main idea. Plautus died over two thousand years ago (just about the time when booze and mother-in-law jests were in their heyday), and Mr. Smith probably felt that he was quite safe and even noble in giving him credit. But W. S. Gilbert, from whom this gentleman has cribbed most openly, is still alive and kicking. There is no B. C. brand on W. S. Gilbert, and Mr. Smith might have given him at least a line on the program.

Gilbert is far more popular to-day than poor old Plautus.

The character of Sing-Lo, the chaperon, is the regular old Gilbert duenna—the Little Buttercup, Lady Jane and Katisha of the Gilbert school. Her love scene with Fan Tan, the most nearly humorous thing in "The Mandarin," is Gilbert without variations.

I am not complaining. The author of the "Bab Ballads" is evidently unable to do his own work any longer, and perhaps it is just as well that somebody should do it for him. Imitation is no longer considered a crime—there are people who can do nothing else. My point is: Why bring up Plautus from his dust and oblivion, when the real inspiration of "The Mandarin" is in London, with his auricles and ventricles in capital working order? De Koven doesn't go back to Orpheus for his "theme." He takes them from contemporaries, and makes no bones about it.

The story of "The Mandarin" deals with

the phenomenal resemblance existing between the Mandarin of Foo-Chow, and Fan Tan, a vagabond. The latter has a very charming wife, and the Mandarin, trading on his likeness, impersonates him. Fan Tan dons the garb of the Mandarin, and the complications that ensue are worked out very neatly through three acts. The amorous duenna, the numerous wives of the Mandarin, a conventional tenor and a "favorite" wife are all involved in the story. Mr. Smith's legitimacy is distinctly creditable. There is not a vestige of horse-play in this operetta, nor is there a trace of vulgarity. It is all easy to understand, and the dreadful agony, known as comic opera-itis, which consists of racking pains born of an intense desire to follow an unfollowable story, are avoided.

Messrs. Evans and Mann have done quite as much for "The Mandarin" as Messrs. De Koven and Smith. They have staged it delightfully. The pictures are feasts for the eye, and the dresses lovely without being gaudy. The cast is also eminently satisfactory. The leading feminine role of Ting-Ling is interpreted by Miss Adele Ritchie, who likes herself so much that I shall not bother about asking you to like her. She is swamped by her self-consciousness, and you almost forget that she sings very nicely and looks very well. Miss Ritchie's frantic efforts to dance were very funny. I should recommend her to take a peep at Miss Violet Lloyd, at Daly's.

George C. Boniface, Jr., is the best feature of "The Mandarin" cast. His work is capital, for he exaggerates nothing, yet makes the most of everything. His crooning Chinese monologues are remarkably clever. George Honey is also good, and Henry Norman, whose enunciation is a lesson to all the mouthing comic opera artists of to-day, deserves warm praise for his sketch of the Emperor. Miss Alice Barnett, who has been nourished on Gilbert and Sullivan's operas, was quite at home in the duenna role, and Miss Bertha Walzinger sang with her accustomed brilliancy, and—thank goodness!—without her accustomed fireworks.

Miss Claudia Carlstedt displayed a pair of—ahem!—limbs that simply mustn't be slighted. How she ever got into those carmine tights is a question that I shall never hope to understand, and when she knelt in them I turned away my head expectant of disaster. Miss Helen Redmond is such a lovely girl, and so much at her ease, that I found it in my heart to wish that she had been cast for a more important part. Joseph Sheehan was the tenor, with a mild, little innocuous voice, with which he managed to pull through comfortably.

"The Mandarin" will not set the East River on fire. It will not dethrone "Brian Boru" from its position as the best comic opera of the season; and as for its suggesting in any shape or form that charming musical originality, "The Geisha"—well, the idea is monstrous. The De Koven and Smith effort, however, may be advantageously seen. It will pass away two or three pleasant hours. It is not dull, and it is not stupid. And in these days those are facts that cannot be sneezed at. I will not drag De Koven and Smith's early successes for purposes of odious comparison. Every man should be allowed to live down the horror of an initial success. Unfortunately, we cannot all of us live our lives in crescendo glory. The diminuendo sets in with fatal stealth, and we are degringolading before we know it.

ALAN DALE.

Consuelo Wants Marlborough House.

London, Oct. 21.—There is a great deal of very interesting news about the Marlborough-Churchills which does not see the light of publicity in any of the English newspapers. You have heard that both the Duchess Consuelo and the ex-Duchess Lillian, now Lady Beresford, are enciente. This fact causes rapture in the hearts of the relatives of both ladies, but this joy is particularly pronounced in the Churchill family, because, were the young Duke to die without an heir, complications of a very extraordinary nature would ensue. Should he fail to be so fortunate as to get a son, it is likely that the Duke's eldest sister, Lady Francis Gresley, and Mr. Winston Churchill would both contest the right to the title and estates. Winston Churchill is the eldest son of the late Lord Randolph Churchill. He is a subaltern in the Fourth Hussars and the hero of a curious episode during the early part of the Cuban rebellion, for which he had to give an account to the British War Department.

There is a still further complication which remains even in the event of a son being born to the Duke. He has inherited Blenheim Palace and the Dukedom of Marlborough through the female line. He is the descendant of the second daughter of the first Duke of Marlborough, who married Lord Sunderland, whose son became Duke of Marlborough on the death of his aunt, the Countess of Godolphin. Further, there is a general sense of insecurity about the patents by which the first Duke was created.

English society has also been much perturbed of late with regard to a rumor that the young Duchess of Marlborough has set her heart upon the regaining of Marlborough House for the Marlborough family.

The establishment has a strange history. It is a somewhat unlovely building externally, of red brick, with gray stone dressings, and stands in Pall Mall overlooking St. James's Palace. It was designed by Sir Christopher Wren, and is one of the least noteworthy, from the architectural point of view, of any building with which the name of the great designer is associated. Built for the celebrated Duke of Marlborough in the reign of Queen Anne, it cost originally £40,000. The present upper story and the state rooms were added by the third Duke. The foundation stone, dated 1709, can still be seen in the basement. The great Duke and his wife, "the indomitable Sarah," lived and died there, the latter surviving her husband for twenty years. Of the Duchess many extraordinary stories are still told occasionally. Of the King she was in the habit of talking as her "neighbor George from across the way," when His Royal Highness was in residence at St. James's Palace. On one occasion Her Grace presented two fat does to the Lord Mayor and one each to the Sheriffs of the city of London. A few days afterward these officials called at Marlborough House to return thanks for the presents, and to their great astonishment they were received by the Duchess sitting up in bed.

Under successive crown leases, which were renewed for varying terms of years, the Dukes of Marlborough held Marlborough House till 1817. The existing crown lease had then eighteen years to run, and for the residue of this term the executors of the then late Duke of Marlborough, realizing that it was impossible to maintain the establishment, with the concurrence of the trustee for the creditors, the consent of the then Duke, and under the direction of the Court of Chancery, sublet the house and premises to His Majesty the King of the Belgians, then Prince Leopold George Friedrich of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfield.

On behalf of the Marlborough family it is contended that when the lease and sublease were surrendered to the Crown on their termination in July of 1835, at which time there was a right of renewal, this right of renewal was not absolutely surrendered, although a fresh lease was not then taken up. This, it will be noticed, is the point upon which the entire matter rests, and if the contention is capable of substantiation there will be but few remaining difficulties to overcome before the young Duchess may find her fondest hope realized and Marlborough House restored to the Marlboroughs.

The further history of Marlborough House is of great interest. On the expiry of the Crown leases, possession of the mansion was taken by Queen Adelaide under the authority of letters patent issued in 1833 by William IV., granting the house and premises to or for the use of the Queen if she survived the King, "so that she might enjoy the same immediately after his decease for her natural life, and to her representatives for one year after her decease." Following the death of Queen Adelaide, in 1849, the lower rooms were allowed by Queen Victoria to be used for the exhibition of a collection of pictures which were presented to the nation by Robert Vernon. The upper rooms were occupied by the then newly inaugurated "Government School of Design," which has since become the Science and Art Department.

Marlborough House was settled upon the Prince of Wales in 1850, by the time he should attain eighteen years of age, but the Vernon collection and the School of Design remained there until 1859, when they removed to South Kensington. Preparations were then forthwith made for the Prince's occupation of the building. The present entrance corridor and hall were added by the Prince Consort when the Prince of Wales came into possession, but the original steps of the former entrance, now incased in marble, are still in use.

Such is a short historical sketch of Marlborough House up to the present. Of the future—who can tell?

JULIAN RALPH.

No Convert.

[Chicago Dispatch.]

Lillian Russell is no convert. She has always been somewhat friendly to the double standard, with a good deal of national and international disagreement.

A Revival.

[Detroit Tribune.]

The Gomez death rumor will doubtless be revived just as soon as the people get the roorback taste out of their mouths.

The Secret Out.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]

General Lee is coming home after all. Mr. Cleveland has a new kind of bait he wants to show him.

Accommodating.

[Washington Post.]

Turkey is very accommodating. She never hesitates to renew her promises on the Armenian question.

Perhaps.

[Memphis Commercial-Appeal.]

Perhaps the twentieth century may record the Cuban conquest of Spain.

JUST A MOMENT WITH THE CHAPPIES.

Willie K. Vanderbilt is beginning to show his years.

He is just as dapper in appearance as ever and evinces his wonted interest in dress, but the frost of time is touching not only his hair, but his complexion.

He looks as though a gray dust or powdered ashes had settled down upon his head and face.

His manner, however, has not changed materially. But that was never particularly vivacious.

I had a few words with him Tuesday at Morris Park, where he was watching the races with a half-bored expression, and then he passed on with that look in his eyes which indicates clearly that a man may be alone in a crowd.

Willie K. isn't half as gay this Fall as he was in the early Summer, when he wore lemon-colored shirts at the Sheepshead Bay races.

I wonder if the change is due to love or a lack of love.

But if Willie K. is subdued, Willie Harper isn't.

Whenever Willie Harper puts his shining face over the hill at Morris Park, it has the effect of the sun rising in the afternoon

Some people call Harper "Bill," but Willie fits his complexion much better, and I have heard it whispered that he prefers the gentler and more caressing name.

Harper is one of those chappies of whose engagements in marriage other people are always inventing stories.

His record in this respect, or, rather, the record that has been made for him by kind and considerate gossips, is not exceeded by that of any other contemporaneous beau, with the exception of Dr. Chauncey M. Depew.

Willie Harper recently went to Australia, presumably to escape that sort of thing, but now that he has returned, I suppose that he will be started again, and love stories will be ground out galore with Strawberry Willie as the hero.

Both he and Chauncey are altogether too desirable as husbands to escape the closest attention of our matchmakers.

Many of the most famous of the town houses are showing signs of the return of their owners.

Of these, Cornelius Vanderbilt's is the most conspicuous. Although it is said that Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt will remain at their Newport place, The Breakers, until after Thanksgiving, I am pretty sure that some of the family will occupy the mansion at Fifth avenue and Fifty-seventh street during the Horse Show.

The Oliver Belmonts have also stripped their house in Seventy-second street of its Summer trappings, and will entertain there for the time being, at least.

And so it is with many other abodes of the very rich. The people are coming back, the town is waking up, the season is opening.

No news is more grateful to the heavy swells of New York than that to the effect that Julia Jay is recovering from a recent attack of typhoid fever.

Her father, Colonel Willie Jay, is one of the most beloved chappies in this home of good fellows; while her uncle, Hermann Oelrichs, is just as popular.

The ramifications of the two families are such that the interest in the young lady's condition becomes almost universal, so far as society is concerned.

But, in addition to all this, Julia Jay herself is a favorite with the very young set. She and little Miss Goelet were the youngest of the Duchess of Marlborough's bridesmaids.

Yale has given out her annual yawp about the weakness of its football team, but that isn't going to fool anybody.

Yale has cried "Wolf!" so often that nobody pays any attention to that sort of thing.

We have got to see her licked before we will believe that her team is bad.

Thank the Lord, the election and the racing season are over!

No self-respecting chappie ought to have anything to do with either. They are so replete with vulgarity, dontcherknow, and then they cost so beastly much.

The Horse Show and the opera are so much more to the taste of any well organized dude that I simply rejoice that both are near at hand.

Of all the ludicrously extravagant things that were done in the early hours of yesterday morning, one of the most noticeable was the feat accomplished by Regie Rives and Charlie Oelrichs, when both attempted at the same time to lead a quartet of goldbug inebriates in singing "The Star Spangled Banner."

The scene of the disturbance was a well-known Sixth avenue chop house, and the result nearly so resembled a riot that somebody started out to call in the police.

To such eccentricities are we driven by the exultation of party success.

Hats off to the chappie in politics!

Lieutenant-Governor T. Lester Woodruff, Congressman J. Murray Mitchell and Congressman G. Brinton McClellan—two Republicans and one Democrat.

To nominate a dude is to win, and the "bosses" shouldn't forget it. You can't beat the dude.

So implicit is my faith in this proposition that I am ready to wager that Evander Berry Wall will yet be elected Coroner of New York County.

But, say—if the "Yellow Kid" will permit me—wont there be a high old time at the Pointed Beard Club the next time the Hon. J. Murray Mitchell calls his fellow-whiskers to order!

When the Tandem Club meets on Saturday for its Autumn drive it will miss its veteran secretary, Burton Mansfield, than whom no whip was ever more successful in keeping leader and wheeler in perfect harmony.

Dear old Chappie Mansfield has been the best part of the Tandem Club for years, and it does seem a downright shame that illness, or any other cause, should keep him out of a tandem parade.

When I come to think about it, however, illness is the only thing that could keep papa Burton off the box under such circumstances.

The club ought to postpone its drive until its secretary recovers sufficiently to add the usual hirsute adornment to the line of march.

"Sons of the Mayflower" is the title of the latest development of ancestral mania among the dudes.

Why doesn't somebody organize "The Sons of Columbian Caravels," with headquarters in Mulberry Bend?

If we must have that sort of thing, why not go back to the start and place the credit where it belongs?

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.